



MIKE BARON • JOHN CALIMEE • BILL REINHOLD


APR 70 1991
FIRST PUBLISHING
\$2.25 / \$2.80 CANADA

BADGER™

JC & W.R. '90

BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON



Badger, a self-styled crime fighter, metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teen-aged fast-food clerks — in fact, any-damn-body he feels like, because he's **CRAZY!**

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: It's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind, which suits his wife, **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, just fine.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger and Mavis live with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

Last Issue: Daisy's auctorial debut, *When Badger Howls*, revealed the tangled skein of Badger's origins. As a result of their new-found fame, Daisy and Badger appeared on **Arsenio's** show, where Badger gave a lesson in politeness to **Sam Venison**.

COVER ART: John Calimeé and Bill Reinhold. Color by Ian Tetrault.

BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 70, April 1991. Published by FIRST PUBLISHING, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$2.25 in the U.S. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago, IL 60610.





I'M JACK AND YOU'RE LARRY. THE BARTENDER SAYS YOU USED TO RIDE WITH THE PHILLISTINES...

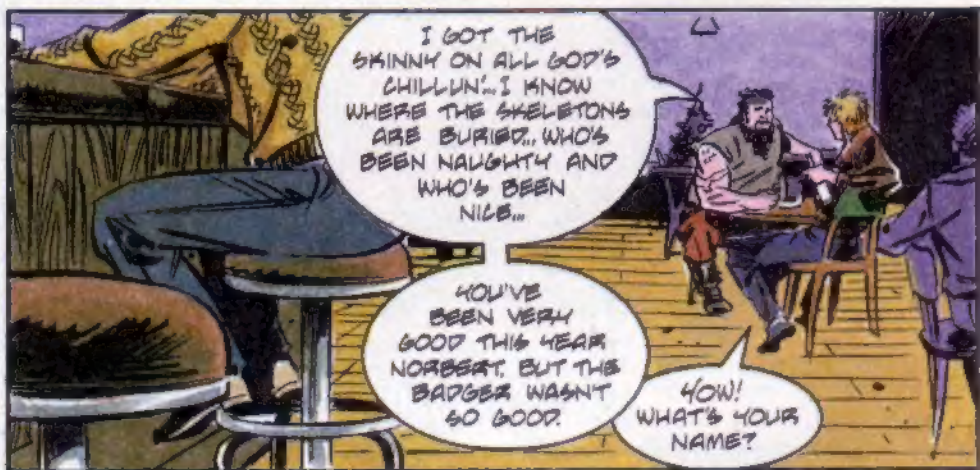
IZZAT GOT?



NEVER RODE WITH NO M... GOT MY OWN COLORS, NORBERT. JUST LIKE YOU. QUESTION IS, AM I GONNA WEAR 'EM?



HOW DID YOU KNOW NORBERT'S NAME?



I GOT THE SKINNY ON ALL GOD'S CHILLUN'... I KNOW WHERE THE SKELETONS ARE BURIED... WHO'S BEEN NAUGHTY AND WHO'S BEEN NICE...

YOU'VE BEEN VERY GOOD THIS YEAR NORBERT, BUT THE BADGER WASN'T SO GOOD.

HOW! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



KLATS
TO MY FRIENDS...

--A WIND FROM HELL TO MY ENEMIES.

**mike
BARON**
WRITER

**john
CALIMEE**
PENCILLER

**bill
REINHOLD**
INKER

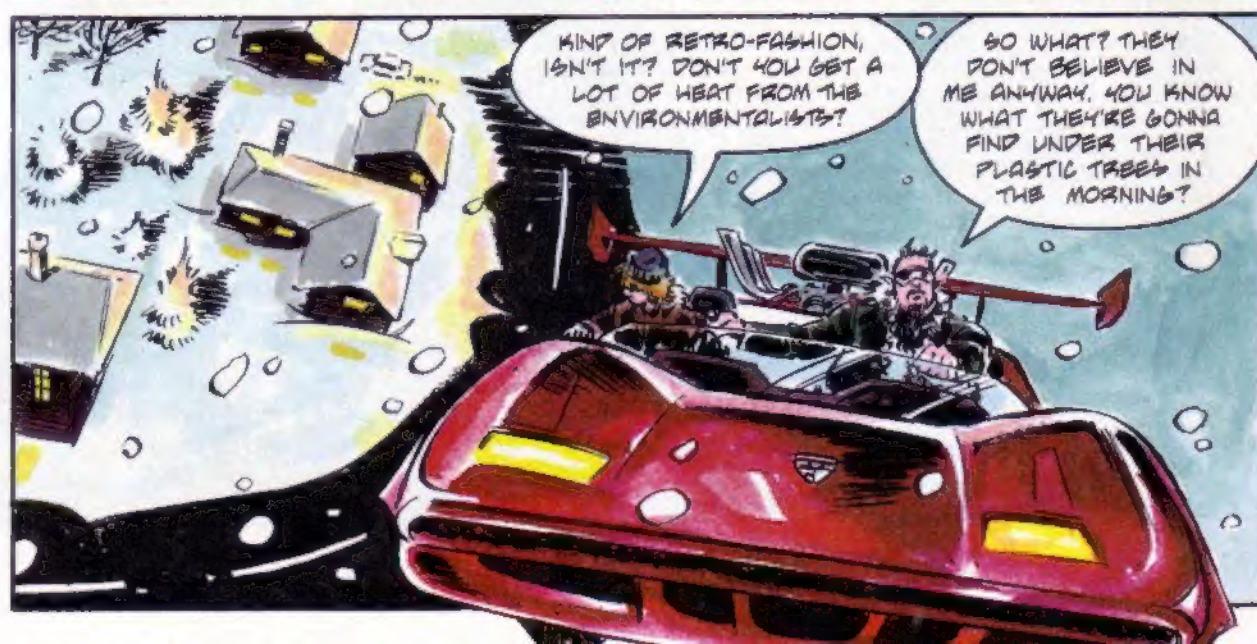
**willie
SCHUBERT**
LETTERER

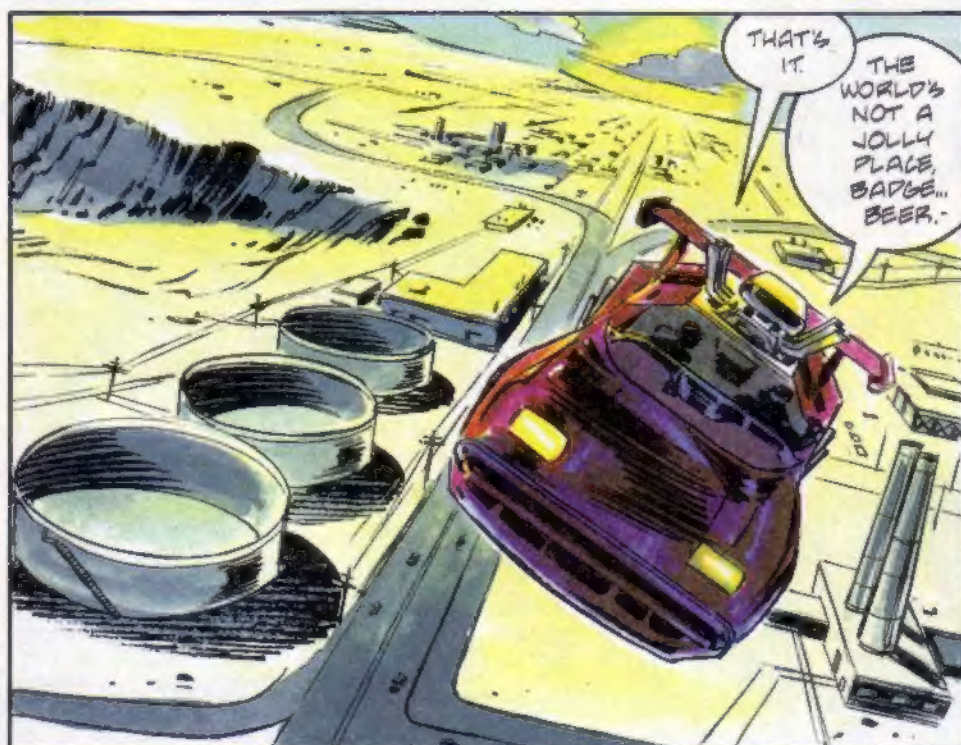
**martin
THOMAS**
COLORIST

**alex
WALD**
EDITOR











HEY, KLAUS, I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN SHOOT AT THE CANADIAN AIR FORCE...

AAAA...THEY ALWAYS BACK OFF. WE ALWAYS GO THROUGH THIS CHARADE EVERY ~~SA~~ ~~SA~~ TIME!

GIMME 'NOTHER BREW, WOULDJA?



ATTENTION UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT BEARING 60' 14"--IDENTIFY YOURSELF AND PREPARE TO LAND AT MACARTHUR AIR FORCE BASE...

HEY, YOU HOSEHEADS! HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS? THIS IS S. KLAUS EN ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE--GET OFF MY BUTT OR I'M GONNA UNLOAD YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS OVER THE FROZEN TUNDRA!



SORRY, MISTER KLAUS. YOU MUST STILL GET DOWN AT MACARTHUR BASE. PLEASE INDICATE COMPLIANCE OR WE WILL FIRE A WARNING SHOT.



DON'T PUT YOURSELF OUT, BWAH. MAYBE SOME LIGHT WILL PUT YOU IN A HOLIDAY SPIRIT...

HANG ON TO YOUR HAT, BADGER. TIME TO HIT THE AFTERBURNERS.



BUT THE CANADIANS ARE OUR FRIENDS...

THAT'S RIGHT. AND HERE'S A GIFT I MADE IN MY FIREWORKS FACTORY.



YOU'VE BEEN WARNED. WE ARE NOW FIRING A WARNING SHOT ACROSS YOUR NOSE.



JESUS CHRIST!
PULL UP! PULL UP!

KISS
THAT!
HO HO
HO!



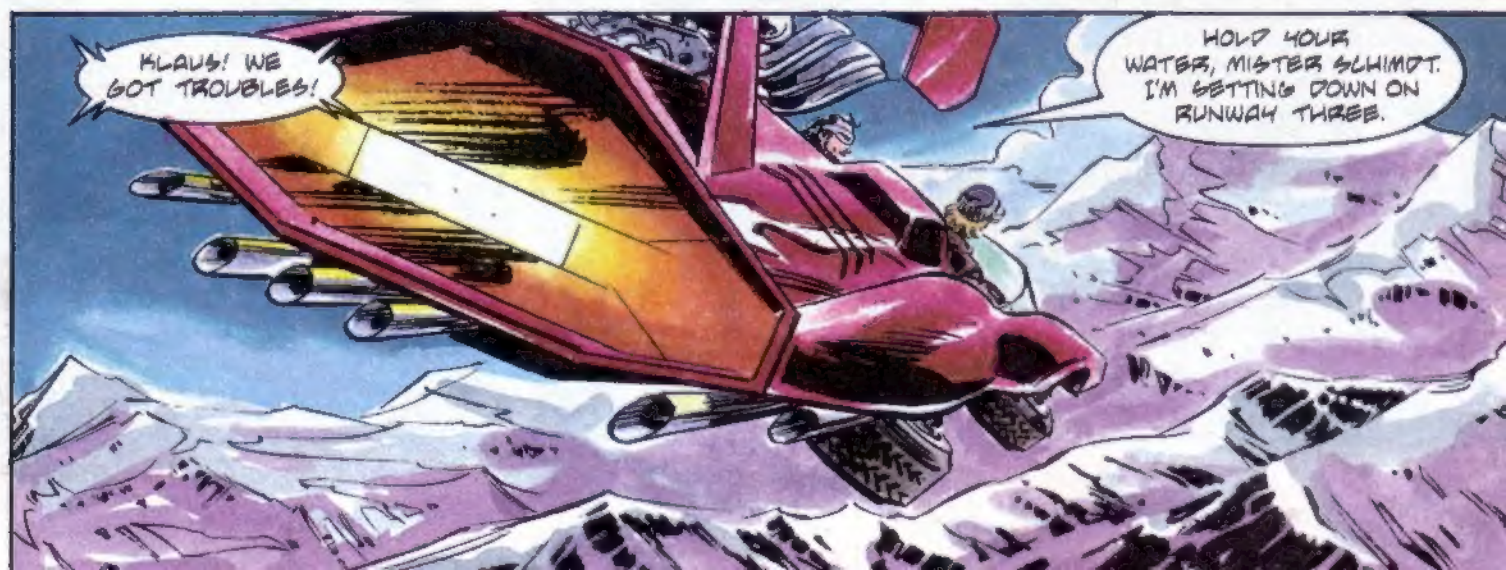
THAT CERTAINLY PUT
'EM IN THE MOOD! DIDJA
HEAR THAT PILOT INVOKE
THE NAME OF THE
BIRTHDAY BOY?

Uh, yeah...
THAT WAS CERTAINLY
A WARM HOLIDAY
SENTIMENT...



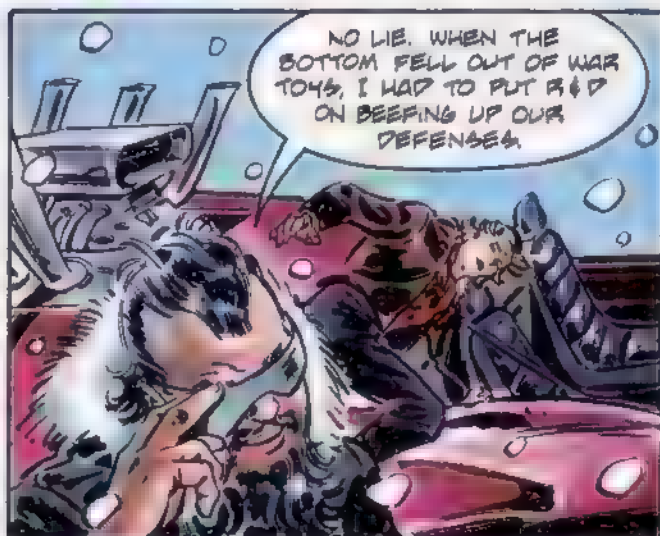
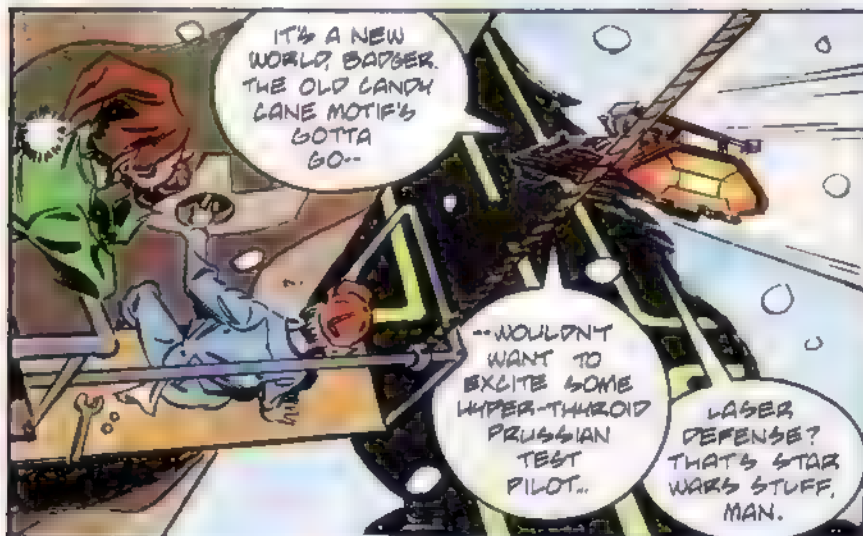
HO HO HO! KLAUS
LIKES HIS LITTLE
JOKE.

HERE YOU GO,
BADGER--SUCK DOWN
THIS MOLSON'S. WE'RE
ALMOST THERE.



KLAUS! WE
GOT TROUBLES!

HOLD YOUR
WATER, MISTER SCHMIDT.
I'M SETTING DOWN ON
RUNWAY THREE.

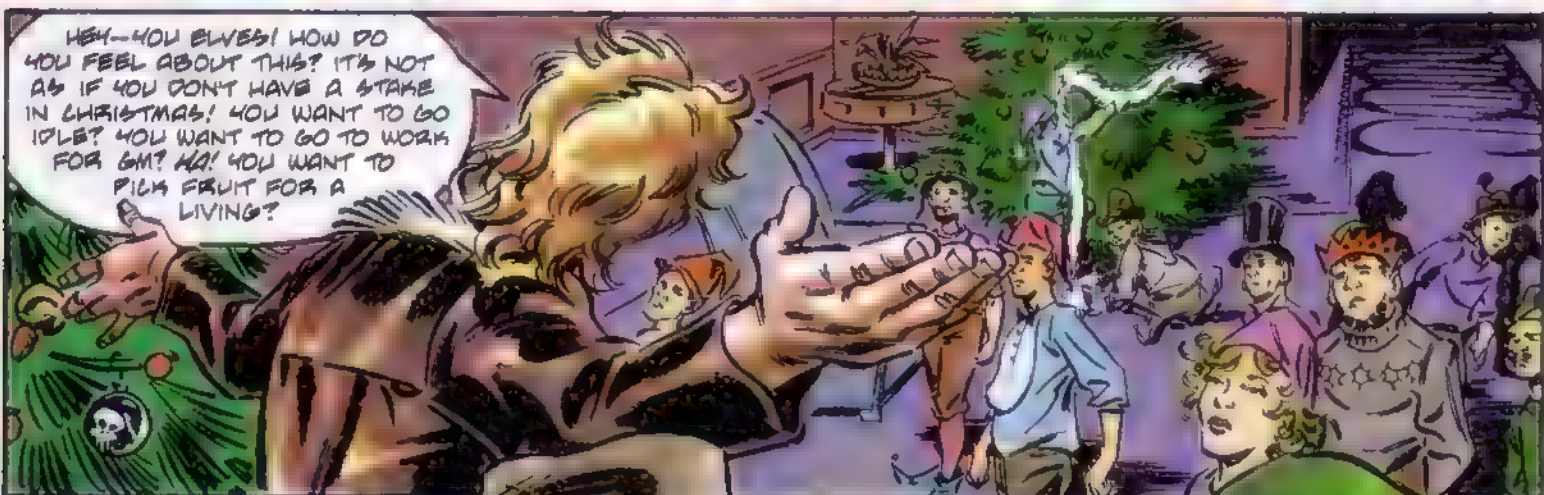


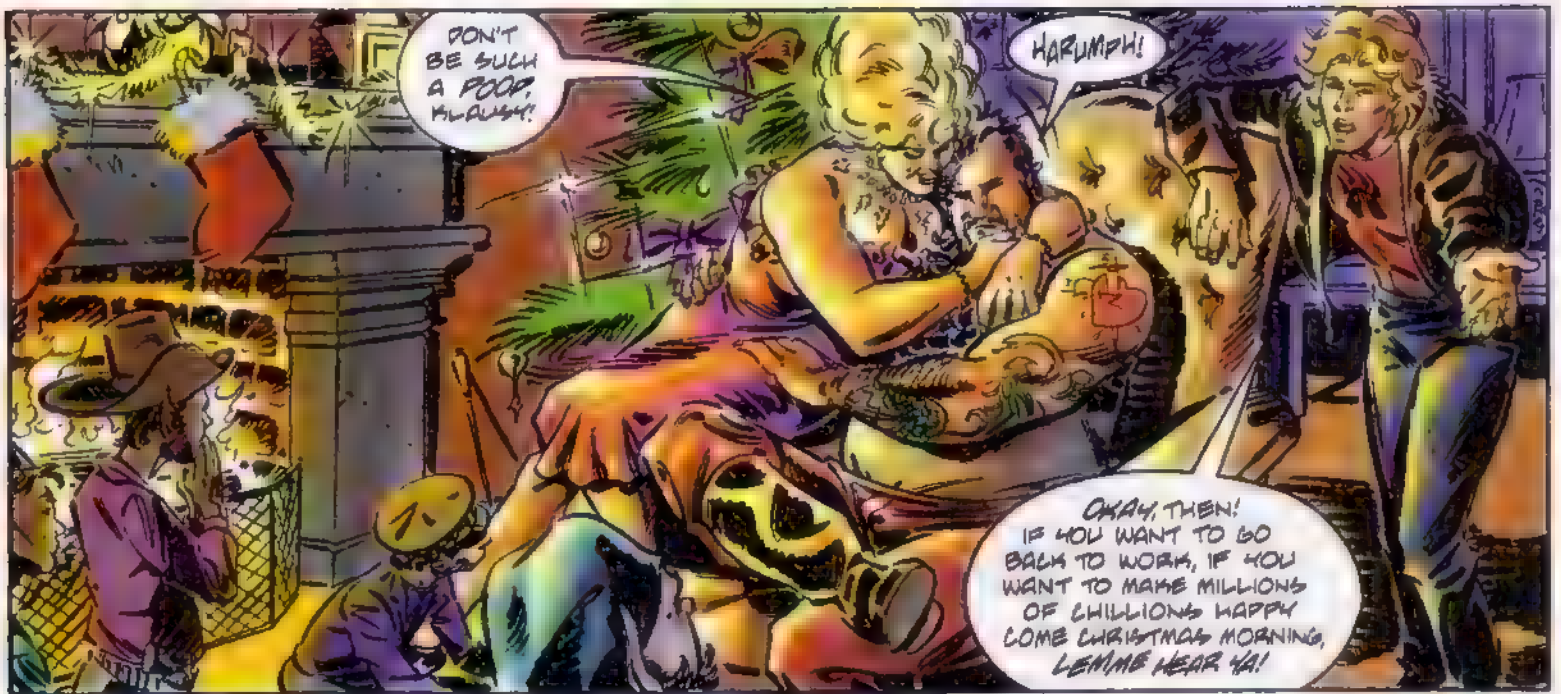










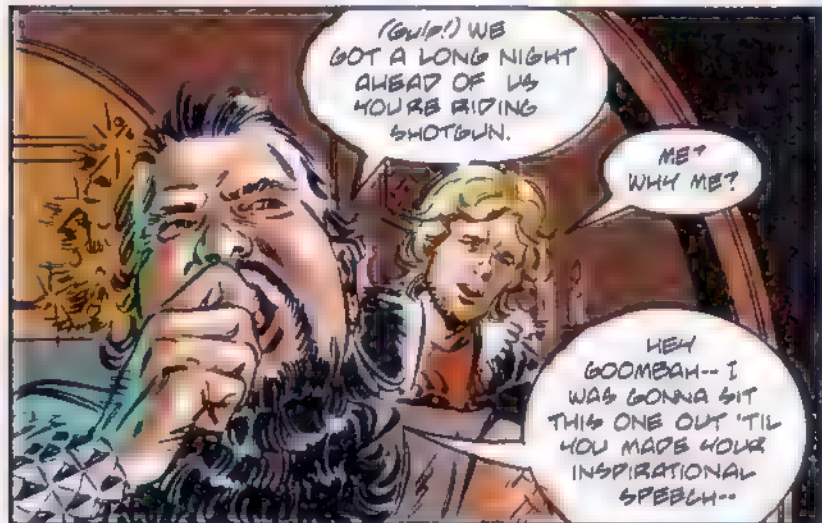




HEY KLAUS,
WHAT ARE HAPPY
PILLS?

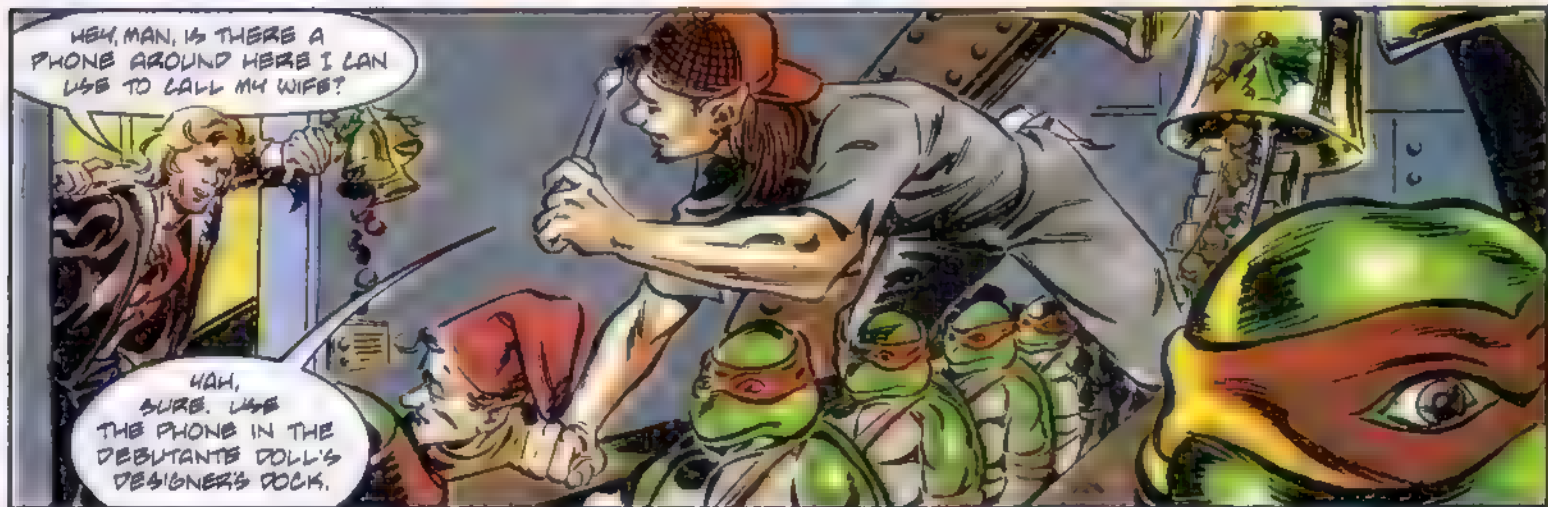


NO THANKS,
MAN

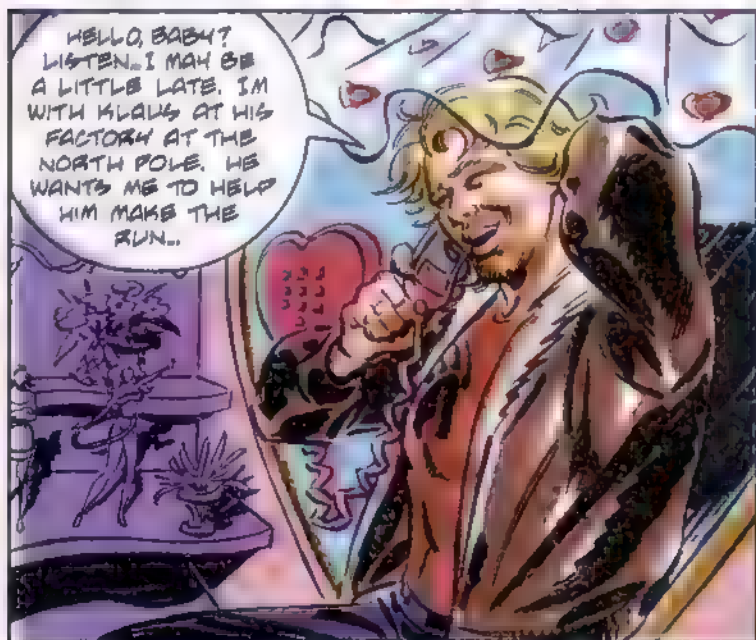


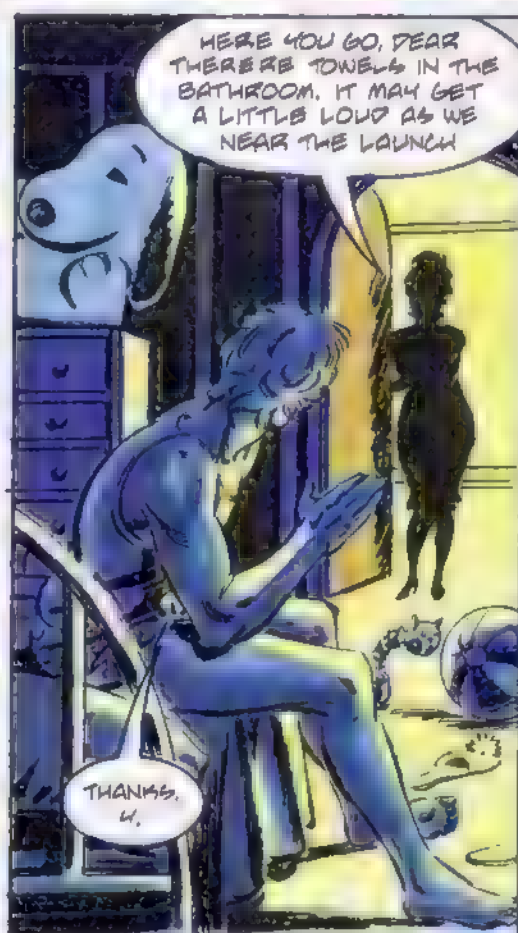
ME?
WHY ME?

HEY BOOMBAM-- I WAS GONNA SIT THIS ONE OUT 'TIL YOU MADE YOUR INSPIRATIONAL SPEECH--



YAH,
SURE. USE THE PHONE IN THE DEBUTANTE DOLL'S DESIGNER'S ROCK.





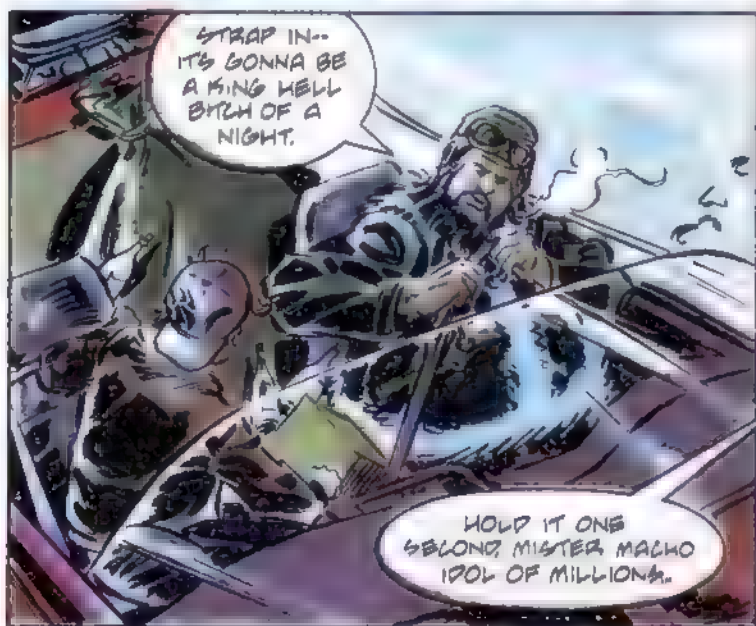




THIS SHOULD BE THE BIGGEST LOAD EVER.

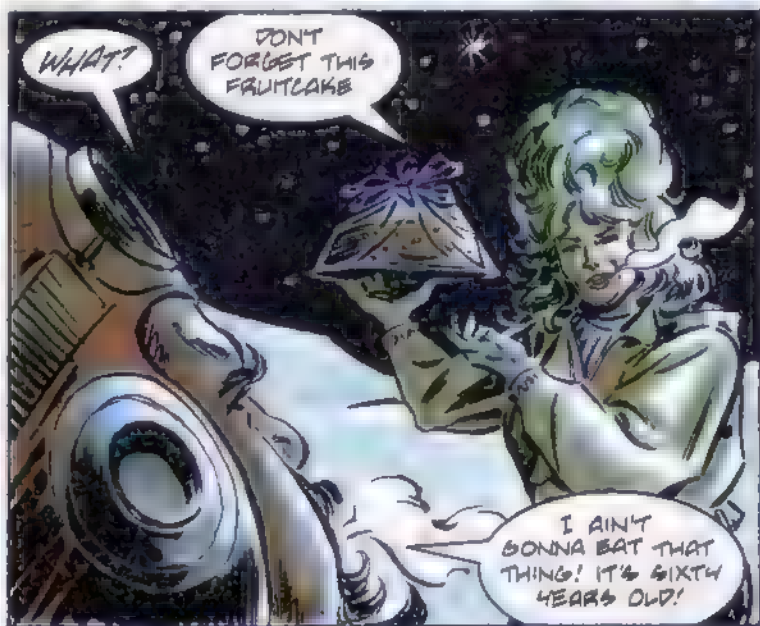
HOW YOU GONNA GET ALL THAT STUFF IN YOUR SLED, MAN?

SMURF TECHNOLOGY SHRINKS IT DOWN. IT POPS BACK TO FULL SIZE ONCE IT'S UNDER THE TREE



STRAP IN-- IT'S GONNA BE A KING HELL BURN OF A NIGHT.

HOLD IT ONE SECOND MISTER MALHO 100% OF MILLIONS.



WHAT?

DON'T FORGET THIS FRUITCAKE

I AINT GONNA BAT THAT THING! IT'S SIXTY YEARS OLD!



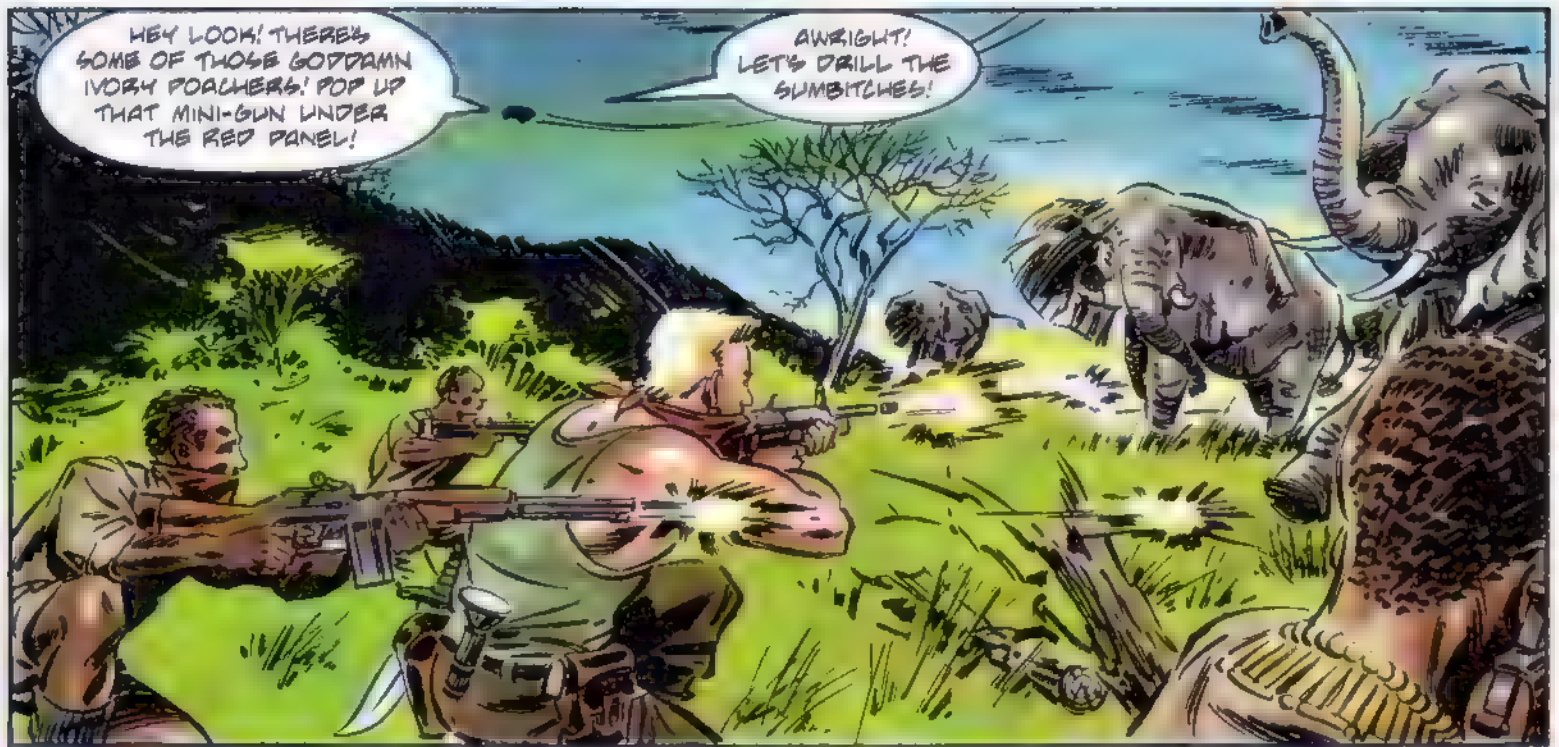
NOT FOR YOU-- WE GOT A FAX FROM SOME FRUITCAKE NUT IN BARNBYELD, WISCONSIN.

GIVE IT HERE



WHAT'S OUR FIRST STOP?

AFF CA. WE DO THE EASY ONES FIRST.





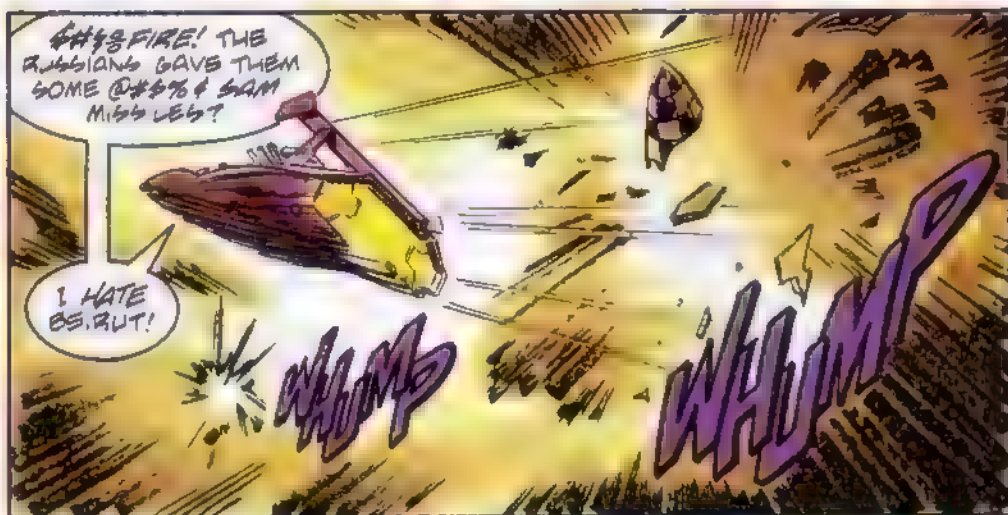
WE'VE GOT A REAL BITCH OF AN ASSIGNMENT COMING UP-- BEAUT! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO KNOCK US DOWN. OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS AN AFFRONT TO ISLAM.

THEY EVEN THINK I'M FLYING WEAPONS INTO THE LEBANESE CHRISTIANS



AREN'T YOU?

SURE! THAT'S WHAT THEY WANTED!

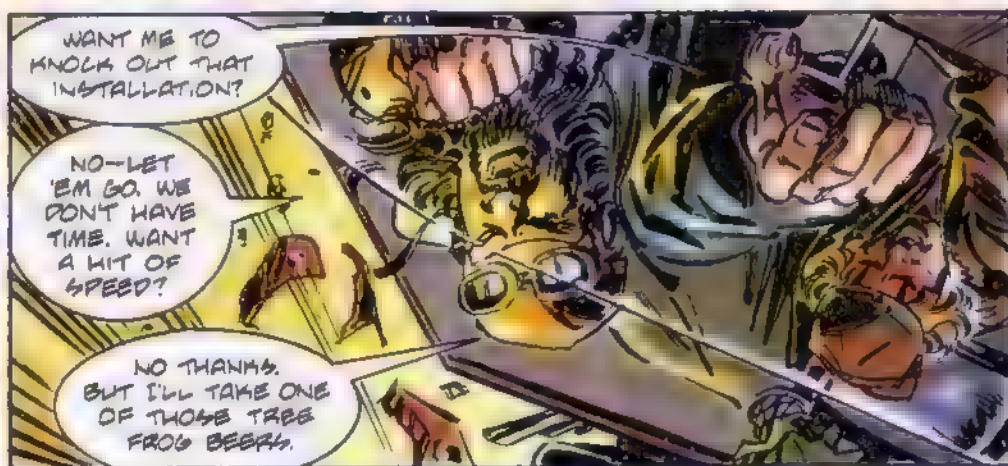


SHIT! THE RUSSIANS GAVE THEM SOME @\$\$% SAM MISSILES?

I HATE BS, BUT!

WHUMP

WHUMP



WANT ME TO KNOCK OUT THAT INSTALLATION?

NO--LET 'EM GO. WE DON'T HAVE TIME. WANT A HIT OF SPEED?

NO THANKS, BUT I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE TREE FROG BEERS.



HEY YOURSELF. NEXT STOP: EASTERN EUROPE--THEY GOT A WANT LIST WOULD STRETCH TO THE MOON.

THEY'VE BEEN SAYING UP THEIR WISHES SINCE THE END OF WW II



I'M STARVING TO DEATH! WHAT CAN I EAT?

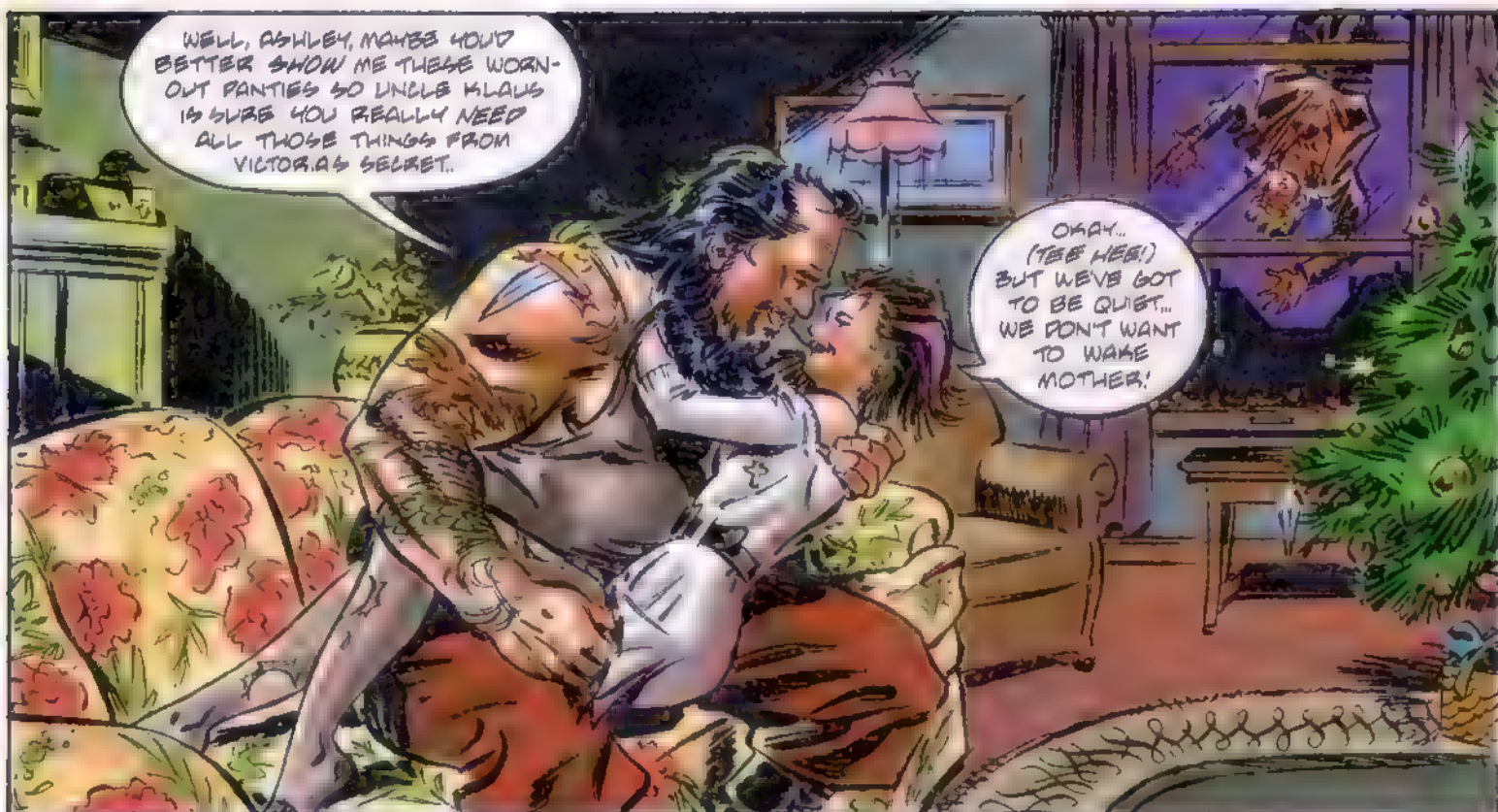
WHILE BARBER WATCHES THE SLED KLAUS ZIPS THROUGH THE LIVING ROOMS OF EASTERN EUROPE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT LEAVING BEHIND MILLIONS OF AIR NIKE SNEAKERS AND BUBLE BOY JEANS.

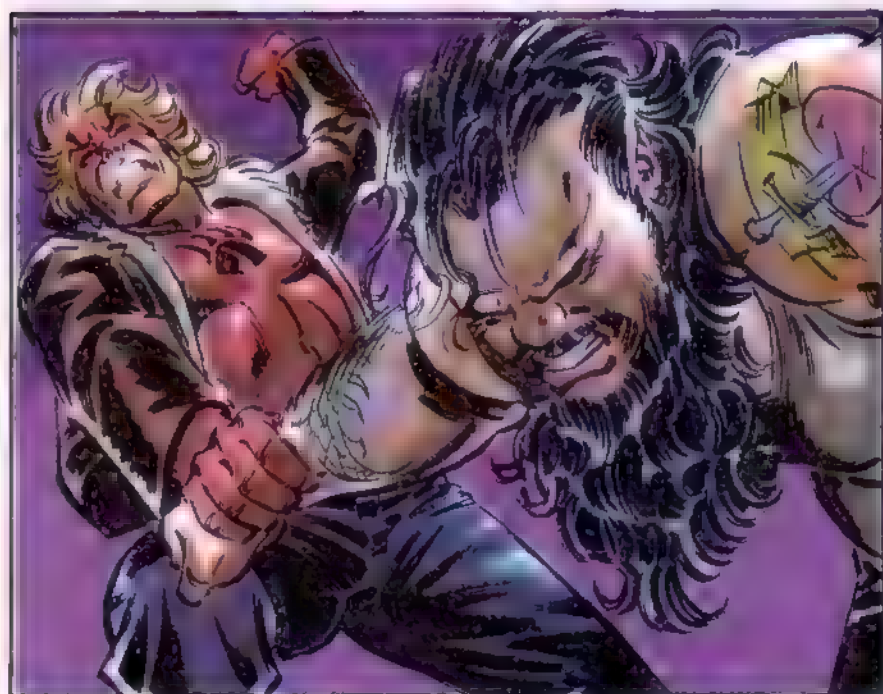


OKAY...WE'RE ON SCHEDULE...GOT 44 MINUTES TO DO THE BENELUX JOINT...THEN ON TO FRANCE, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND ENGLAND...

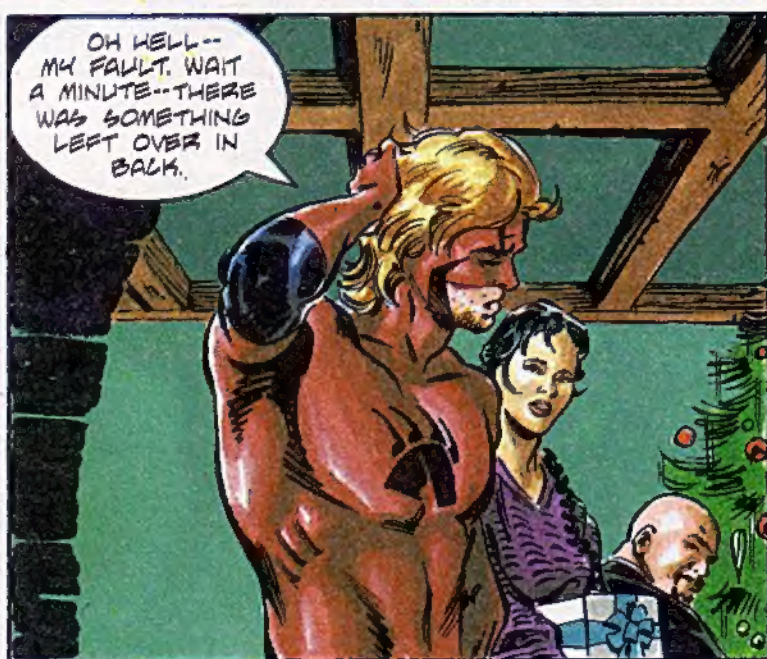
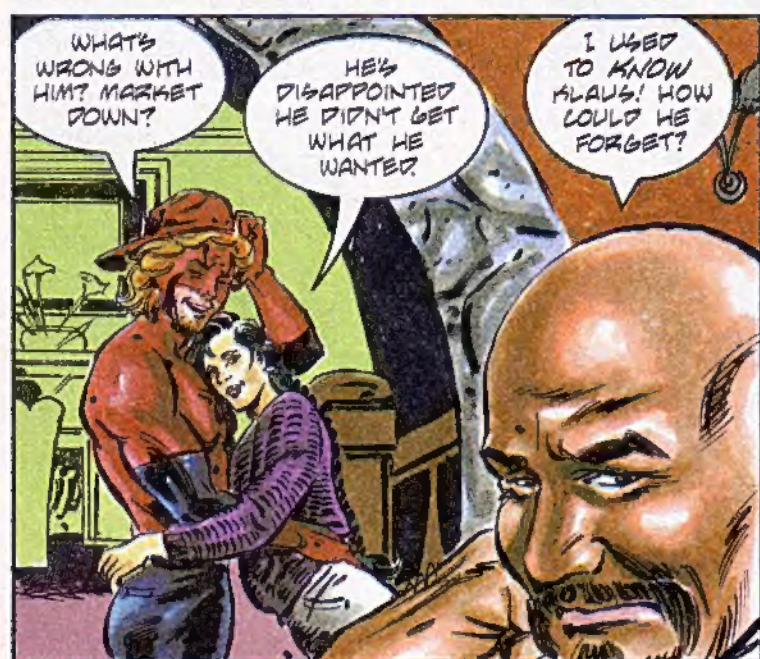
HAND ME THAT BOTTLE OF FOUR ROSES, WOULD YOU?











HO HO HO!



Dear LARRY

c/o FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.
435 N. LaSALLE
CHICAGO, IL. 60610

Salutations!

I love it! This book can switch from a well-meaning, serious story like last ish to wacky, semi-realism and totally unrealistic plot lines. I was once voted the Epitome of Weird years ago when I was in high school, so I feel right at home reading *Badger*. Yes, that was a compliment.

This story was just crazy and I loved it. When I opened the cover and saw the title I imagined a large mutant-type foot decked out Rambo style. I didn't get exactly what I envisioned but Drang sure foot the bill OK. (Hah! Pun intended.) And a podiatrist to boot! (Double hah!) What about Sneakers' Swiss bank account? Were Badger and Mavis able to use the money (or Kibble or whatever it is that cats eat) to bring Sneakers' family from Russia? That might make a good story — Badger in Russia to rescue Sneakers' family. Perhaps we could throw in Lord Weterlackus for good measure and bad attitude. Howzabout it? Those were pretty powerful demons Hans called out in his incantation. Lanier had to be the worst and perhaps the most powerful; after all, he once stole my whole address. Sheesh! The nerve of some people!

Robert J. Spassov
Box 280

Bolivar, OH 44612-9614



Dear *Badger* People,

When Badger sees dead people like Marilyn, the Duke, and Warren, does he manifest their spirits and are only those close to him able to see them also? The reason I ask; on the last

page of #68 Ham says, "Maybe I see something and maybe I don't." And on page 14 of issue #56 when Duke and Warren show up, Mavis states, "This balcony is getting crowded." When they disappear two panels later, she wants to know what happened to them. In



issue #57 when Slotman's goons find him in the desert they think Badger is having a fit when he is really talking to Warren and the Duke. So, if Badger is manifesting spirits, are outsiders exempt from the privilege of seeing them or is he only able to extend his delusions to a small circle of friends?

What do you mean, neither you nor Mike are familiar with G'nort? Check out *Justice League Antarctica*, *Justice League 37*, and the forthcoming *Justice League Quarterly 2*. G'nort isn't a major character

so if you were ever able to work out the team-up with DC you couldn't be accused of selling out. Maybe Petey, the demon with a Yiddish accent from Dr. Fate, would be better.

I received a reply to one of my *Dear Larry* letters and it wasn't even hate mail. The writer agreed with me that Badger had too much class to be seen with Wolverine, and she also wanted to know if I thought Wolverine had enough class to devote an entire issue to an anti-drug theme as *Badger* recently has. I doubt it would happen and I don't think Wolverine even knows what drugs are.

Shawn Carey
1502 E. 10th St.
Anderson, IN 46012

Well, he can't be totally ignorant of drugs; what about all that nicotine from those putrid cigars Wolverine chews? No wonder he's so irritable.

Whether the spirits Badger sees are visible to others has not been resolved. The subject of psi phenomena is a complex one, where ambiguity pervades all. The traditional notion of a ghost as a disembodied spiritual "leftover" has been challenged by theorists who propose that apparitions may be a kind of collaboration between the observer and the residual psychic energy of the departed. The percipient may indeed be the catalyst that summons the ghost into uncertain being. Your suggestion that Badger himself "manifests spirits," that he projects these transient presences, is akin to the mediumist phenomena. With all the various personali-

